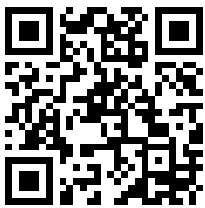
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LETTERS

FROM

SISTER MARY IGNATIA

TO HER

OWN MOTHER.

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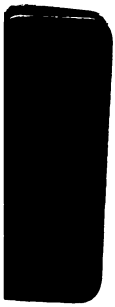
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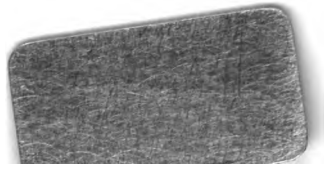


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LETTERS

FROM

SISTER MARY IGNATIA

TO HER

OWN MOTHER.

BOSTON:
SOLD BY NATHANIEL PEABODY,
NO. 13 WEST STREET.
1853.

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PREFACE.

These Letters are published as a memento, for the friends of Sister Mary Ignatia Greene.

To those friends who loved and cherished her from her childhood until she became a Sister of Charity, and particularly to those who sympathized with her in her religious experience, from the time of her conversion and connection with the Baptist church at the age of 14 years, until she united with the Sisterhood, these Letters are kindly commended.

That they are simple and unaffected, written only for the eye of an affectionate mother, will be apparent to all. But in their simplicity, the spirit of her mind is truthfully represented to her friends, and it is hoped that the Good and the *True* will feel that they are united with Sister Mary Ignatia in worshipping the same Saviour.

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LETTERS.

St. Joseph's House, Nov. 18th, 1845.

My Dearest Mother,

I can convey to you no idea of the pleasure which your letter gave me. I received it last evening, and many a prayer of thanksgiving have I raised to God since. Thank you, dear mother, for your kindness. May God reward you.

And now, dearest mother, trusting in your affection, I have one little request to make of you — it is that you will wear the little medal enclosed, for my sake, night and day, as long as you live. You will perhaps say "Superstition!" But no. What superstition is there in wearing a little picture of the mother of our Saviour? You would wear heathen gods and goddesses in your breast-pins, — Jackson, and many others; you cannot then refuse to your child to wear, for her sake, a little picture of the mother of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. You love me, I know. Wear it, for my sake, on a little string round your neck, and you may imagine that on my dying bed I say "Thank you," — for I shall not cease to thank you in my heart until that time. Probably it is the only request I shall ever make you. *Do not refuse your child.*

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I am glad to hear of W——'s happy prospects. May he always be happy, in Time and in Eternity. Give my best love to all,—to M. J—— and the children, and to E——, and kiss the little baby for me. Give my best wishes to W—— and A——. I hope they will be very, very happy. My prayers are all that my poverty will permit me to give them,—but these they shall have. I wish, dear mother, that you would go sometimes to see Sister Ann Alexis—it would give me much pleasure. It is not long since a Sister left here for Boston—Sister M. Gregory. She was always, like every other Sister, very kind to me. I would like you to see her, if it is agreeable to you, and I feel confident it would be. My paper is filled, so let me conclude by signing myself what I really am, and ever shall be,

Your most affectionate daughter,

Sr. M. Ignatia.

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St. Joseph's House, Jan. 20th, 1846.

My Dearest Mother,

I have just received a letter from M. J., and I feel a little pained at the impression she seemed to get from my letter. I certainly was very far from intending to convey any such idea.

I am going to write to M. J. immediately, and shall tell her that you are pleasantly situated at Mrs. Y——'s in the Valley of St. Joseph's, on the bank of the creek, all in sight of the Sisterhood, and will stay there until Mr. C—— comes to Baltimore. I hope you feel better, and that you will soon be able to come out. I have a proposal to make to you when I see you. That our dear Lord may bless and keep you is the prayer of your own affectionate daughter,

Sr. Mary Ignatia.

St. Joseph's House.

My Dearest Mother,

Mother Etienne desires me to write a little note to accompany the barouche which she is going to send for you; she says you must dine here; she intended to see you this morning; she had no idea of your going. I will explain the confusion of this morning when I see you. I hope you will not fail to return in the barouche.

Yours, most affectionately,

Sr. M. Ignatia.

Note. In the morning, some one weeping very bitterly at the head of the hall stairs, attracted my attention. In the afternoon Mother E—— referred to the circumstance, saying, "You see there are some unpleasant things in our happy home. I had the painful duty to perform of telling a novice that she had no vocation for a Sister of Charity, and that she must prepare to leave the next morning."

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ST. JOSEPH'S HOUSE, MAY 17TH, 1846.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,

I have been expecting to hear from you since you left here, to be informed of your safe arrival, &c., but as you have not written, it has occurred to me that perhaps you are waiting to hear from me. We had a second edition of the freshet yesterday, and much more alarming than the first. The water rose ten inches in Mrs. Y——'s house, and it was with some difficulty that Mrs. Y—— escaped safe from the house, and this was accomplished only by wading some distance. Mr. Y—— attempted to take her on a horse, the same as when you were there, but the result was that both fell into the water. Luckily the sudden rise of the water took place in the day-time. Some of the Sisters expressed their satisfaction to think you were not at Mrs. Y——'s this time. You would hardly have escaped a severe fit of sickness. Mrs. Y—— is sick here. I send you a nice view of St. Joseph's; you can cut it off from the letter and press it out. How did M. J. stand the journey? I hope she did not get sick. Give my love to her and also to Mr. C—— and the children, to E——, and L——, and all my friends. I am writing this letter in most marvellous haste, so you must make all sorts of allowances. Sister —— Bernard has been very sick, and at the present moment is exceedingly busy, or I would ask her to write a few lines in this letter. She told me that when I wrote, I must bring her the letter, and let her write a few lines, but I shall wait, I think, till next time, for she is more than employed. Sister Rose Genevieve sends her love, also Sister John Patience. We have had almost continual rains since you left; we have hardly had a day that

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we could take a walk; the country looks most beautiful, however, for the foliage is thick and fresh, and the grass beautifully green. I have a nice little garden this year. Mother Etienne, who is now in Baltimore, gave each of us Sisters about four square yards of ground, and you should see the energy and industry with which we cultivate them. Perhaps you will see them one of these days — the next time you come South. You must write soon and let me know how you all are. Sister Augustine sends her love, and so would all the other Sisters whom you know, if they knew me to be writing.

The thought of you was very forcibly recalled to Sister Bernard last night by the freshet. We have commenced the examination, and the next six weeks will at least be fully occupied, so you need not think me dying of ennui or monotony.

I must give you Sister John Patience's message in full, it is so like her; she says, "Give her my most affectionate respects, and tell her I do n't forget her." I replied, "She will receive it with a great deal of pleasure;" to which she returned — "And I give it with as much." All are desirous to hear how you arrived, and if you are well.

Two of our Sisters have died since you left — one at home, Sister Restituta, and one on the mission, Sister Teresa. Sister Restituta was from East Cambridge; she died just as I should like to die, and was buried in our dear little graveyard last Wednesday.

Kiss all the children for me; give my love to all. Don't forget in your letter to tell me how you are, and how M. J. is, and believe me

Ever your most affectionate child,

Sr. Mary Ignatia.

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St. Joseph's, June 12th, 1846.

My Dearest Mother,

I received your kind letter with much pleasure, and am very glad to hear that you arrived home so safely. I send you my last sheet of St. Joseph's paper, because I think you will be glad to have it, at least for some inquiring friend. I wrote to father on one of them to-day. Every one of your friends, as well as myself, was pleased at the reception of your letter. Sister Augustine is quite desirous to know if you had the red earth analyzed. I am very busy at present, and so is every one here, for it is the season of examination, preparation for Distribution,* &c. Distribution takes place a week from next Thursday, the 20th of June. My garden comes on very nicely; the seeds you sent are planted. I was sorry to hear of your disappointment about Father Deluol. I shall tell him when I see him; he will probably be here at the Distribution. I am sorry to tell you that he has been ill for some time, suffering much with bronchitis. We are all praying very hard to our dear Lord to spare him to us. Father McElroy has gone to Texas as Army Chaplain.

Father McElroy has kept our Retreat for more than twenty years. He is a most holy man. Mother Etienne, Sister Damian, Sister Theola, Sister Rose Genevieve, and Sister John Patience send their love. I am glad you take the Emmittsburgh Star; it will be pleasant for you, as my letters are not very frequent, and if anything very important takes place here it will be sure to contain an account of it. Our Retreat commences the 10th of July, and ends the morning of the 19th. During these

* Distribution of prizes.

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eight days you may imagine us as quiet and collected as you please. Your imagination will hardly be able to exceed the reality. Neither looks or words are then exchanged. The children hear mass during that time in the Stranger's Chapel. The 19th is the Feast of St. Vincent de Paul, our grand holiday.

Tell M. J. if St. Ignatius is her patron, he will beg our Lord to make her a good Catholic. Give my best love to her and to Mr. C—— and to all the children — to grandmother, and L——, and E——, and to all who care anything about me. When you see W—— and A——, or write to them, please give my love. Sister John was going to send a message to you, but I cannot find her to tell her I am writing to you, so the message must wait till next time. Give my love to A—— S——, and tell her I hope she will be a good mother, and not neglect to have her little one baptized. She is certainly a good Protestant, so I will quote Scripture for her, and remind her that "unless a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven." However, I forget — it is only Baptists that let their children die without baptism.

Under all circumstances, your most affectionate child,

SISTER MARY IGNATIA.

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St. Joseph's House, Sept. 27th, 1846.

My Dearest Mother,

I have neglected answering your welcome letter all this time, because I wanted to write to you as nearly as possible to my birth-day, which is next Tuesday, and if I had written then, I could not have written so soon again. Indeed, I believe it is not quite three months since I wrote last. It would be in vain for me to attempt to express all the feelings that almost ache to express themselves in my heart. You know I love you, and you know that tears of love and gratitude must come to my eyes as the approaching anniversary brings to my mind all your goodness to me. Never while God grants me life, can I feel any differently, and the first wish of my heart will always be for the blessing of God on my parents.

I send father to-day a little picture of St. Joseph's house, like the one I gave you when you were here. As you already have one of these, I have nothing left to send you but the enclosed little picture. Here is one for M. J. They are the prettiest that I have, and that is all the excuse I can offer for sending so trifling a gift. You must, as Kempis says, look at the love of the giver, instead of the gift.

Were there any morning glory seeds among those seeds you sent me? I ask, because there came up in my garden a most beautiful morning glory, handsomer than any the other Sisters had, and I cannot see how it came to be different from theirs, unless you sent it. I don't have much time to give to my garden since school commenced this year, for I am more employed than I was last year. Dear Sister Lucia, however, is gathering seeds for me, so that I may have plenty to plant next spring.

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I was so glad to hear about the church in Methuen ;* who knows but you may have Sisters there one of these days, to teach the poor children of these laborers ? Would you not like to see a poor Sister of Charity visiting the sick, and teaching the little children to love God in Methuen ? Give my love to all who remember me enough to care for it. All the Sisters whom you know send their love to you. If Sister Bernard can get the time, she will write in this letter. She has been very sick, but is better now. She has more to do than she had last year, as well as myself, so she is very constantly engaged. If she should not be able to write, she sends her best love. Excuse all faults, for I write in haste. Oh! I had almost forgotten to answer your question about my cough. It is much better. Write soon and tell me all about yourself. When you come South again, you will see a most beautiful Gothic Chapel in our graveyard. Mother Seaton has been taken up and put into it. The exterior is pointed gothic, and very beautiful. I must stop, for it is time for Catechism class.

Believe me, *as ever*, your most affectionate daughter,

Sr. M. Ignatia.

* The first Catholic church in Lawrence is the one referred to in this letter; it was then Methuen.

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St. Joseph's House, Dec. 8th, 1846.

My Dearest Mother,

I received your letter, and was for some time quite amazed at the idea of having a little niece. I have admitted Miss E—— G—— to a corner in my heart, and a share in my prayers, and hope that she will be all that is lovely and good. I have been exceedingly busy all this fall, or I should have written sooner. I believe I forgot to tell you about my visit to Frederic in the summer. I was there a fortnight. Sister Aloysius was sister's servant there. She was exceedingly kind to me, and I had a very nice time. I was very glad to hear about your visit to W—— and A——, and you enjoyed yourself so much. The description of the sword, and sash, and crucifix over the mantel-piece, made me smile. I was glad to hear that you were amusing yourself with Botany — I have no doubt it will secure you many happy moments. My poor garden is looking very dismal just now, but it will revive in spring.

If there is any want of sense in this letter, you must put it down to the account of my children, who are talking to me all the time, asking some question or other. This year you may imagine me sometimes in the Cabinet, your favorite place, of which I have the care. Among my various duties, I have the direction of the Epiphany play, — a little play which the children have during the Christmas holidays.

You may be present in imagination. It takes place the 30th of this month, and commences at five o'clock in the evening. The principal piece consists in selections from Mrs. Hemans's Siege of Valencia. I am just beginning to prepare the dresses; my stock of finery consists

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principally of red flannel and white cotton, and you know me well enough to understand that sometimes I am not a little puzzled. You must sympathize with me, although it is hardly possible for you to do so, with all your ingenuity. Mother Etienne desires me to give her love to you. She sent for me after my last letter, and told me she was much inclined to give it back to me, and make me write it over, for neglecting to give her love — so you see you are not forgotten in our Valley. Sister Augustine, Sister Damian, Sister R. Genevieve, and Sister Cephas, and all the Sisters whom you know, send their love. Give my best love to Mary J., Mr. C——, and the children, to W—— and A——, when you see them, and to any one who may care to receive it. Write to me soon — let me know about your health. Before I close, let me wish you a merry Christmas, and a happy New Year. Sister Augustine and Sister Bernard desire to be remembered to M. J. I hope she is better than she was, but I know that very good health is never her portion. I hope she did not get so very tired by her journey South, as to determine never to come again. I must conclude now, for I have no more time. You must excuse this scrawl, for I was obliged to write in haste, or not at all.

That our dear Lord may grant you all the blessings which I shall beg for you during the ensuing year, is the sincere wish and prayer of your truly affectionate daughter,

Sr. M. Ignatia.

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St. Joseph's House, Feb. 9th, 1847.

My Dearest Mother,

As I have not received any answer to the letter I wrote you the early part of last December, I am beginning to fear, either that you did not receive it, or that you are sick. I remember having directed it rather carelessly, but still thinking it would reach you. It contained quite a long account of my occupations about Christmas time, which for fear of "a twice-told tale" I will not relate. Mother Etienne and Sister Bernard have both been quite ill for some time past; I know you will be sorry to hear it. Yesterday, when I asked permission to write, mother desired me to give her love to you, so you see you are not forgotten. I forgot to tell you that Sister Damian is no longer assistant mother. Sister Serena now holds that office, and her character is the exact counterpart of her name. As I suppose you are desirous of knowing exactly what I am doing, I will inform you that my occupations have varied but very little since you were here. I am still in school, and although I do not keep the same English class, all my other classes are the same. Just now I am most marvellously busy, for my children are writing their Distribution composition, and my criticisms and corrections are constantly called for. By the way, I really think you would be astonished to find what a writer I have become. I am afraid I shall have to write you a sonnet before I can even convince you that I can rhyme.

Have you seen W—— and A—— lately? How do they do, and how is little Miss Lizzie? who is she like,—mother or father? I hope her little ladyship will unite all the good qualities of both,—she will

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then assuredly be a most interesting character. How are M. J—— and Mr. C——, and the children? also grandmother and L——, and E—— and her children? Please give my love to each and every one of them. How does the new city come on near Methuen, and what is its name? How do the Methuen people like having a Catholic church so near? My time for writing is fast expiring, as the bell for Catechism will ring in a few minutes.

I remain your most affectionate and devoted daughter,

SR. M. IGNATIA.

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St. Joseph's House, April 11th, 1847.

My Dearest Mother,

I received your last letter a day or two after I wrote, and was much relieved by it, as I had been fearful that you had been sick. I was pleased to hear that you had so pleasant an acquaintance in M——, as I have no doubt it contributes much to your happiness. I hope her society is as agreeable to M. J—— as it is to yourself. Dear Mary Jane! she has certainly been always your most faithful friend, and I most sincerely hope God will reward her for all she has done for you. Does her health remain good? I was very glad to hear of the great improvement in the M—— society. Mother Etienne desires me to give her love to you; she has been far from well this year. Sister Bernard sends her love, and all the Sisters whom you know.

Do you remember hearing me speak of Sister Bridget, the mother of Sister Margaret? I think you must, for I often spoke of her to you; she was one of the oldest Sisters in the community. She has died since I wrote last, and was the fourth Sister we have buried this year. The other three were young. Two of them were novices with me. Their names were Sister Clarisse and Sister Emanuel. They died, as all the Sisters die, very happy deaths. I hope our dear Lord will make me right good before my time comes, that I may die in as much peace, and with as happy prospects of dwelling with Him forever in heaven.

Since you were here, there has been a very pretty monument built in our graveyard to the memory of Mother Seaton. Her remains were removed from their first resting-place and placed beneath the altar within the monument. Above the altar is a crucifix, and the chapel

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will contain eight or ten people. It is in the gothic style, and is indeed extremely pretty. I do not know of any other change since you were here, except that Mr. Y—— has removed. His house is now situated much nearer St. Joseph's, on the opposite side of the road. Mrs. Y—— still continues as fond of flowers, and is very successful in cultivating them. Have you been to Boston since you wrote? If you have, how is Mrs. Y——, and did you go to the Sisters? When did you hear from W——? Is he well, and A——, and little Miss E——? Here is a catalogue of questions for you, which certainly proves that I have not lost my interest in you all. Please give my love to M. J. and Mr. C——, and grandmother, and L——, and E——. Kiss all the children as proxy for me, and give my love to A—— and W—— when you write. I must conclude, for the very important business of supper is coming on the carpet — *though it would be somewhat difficult to find a carpet for it to come on to.*

I have written in great haste, but I presume you will not disgrace me by showing my letter. With a large share of love for my friends, believe me, I remain ever your most sincere and affectionate daughter,

Sr. Mary Ignatia.

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St. Joseph's, July 18th, 1847.

My Dearest Mother,

It is so long since I have heard from you, that I feel anxious for fear that you are sick. I hope it is not so, but I fear it, as I certainly wrote last. I received Mr. C——'s letter relating the news of grand mother's death, and that her death was happy. I did not think I should feel her death so much as I really did, when it came. I was disappointed that she did not die a Catholic, but still I think we have every reason to hope in her present happiness. I have no doubt you all felt her death very much, but you did not regret her dying a Protestant. You have no idea how I tremble sometimes for fear L——, and M. J——, and E——, and the children should die before they are baptized. No doubt you know the reason — because the Catholic church holds it as an article of faith, that those who die without baptism can never enter heaven.* Death is but little if heaven be secured, but is most awful if it puts an end to all chance of eternal happiness. You cannot feel with me on this point; I only wish you could.

Our Distribution took place on the first of July, and for several months back I have been very, very busy. I have not been very well either, but I am better now, and on account of these things you must forgive me if I have been apparently neglectful about writing. Do you still take the Emmittsburgh Star? If you do, you saw a notice, and a silly one too, of our Distribution. A very good notice of it appeared in the Catholic Herald, printed at Philadelphia. The writer was present

* Sister Mary Ignatia was baptized in the Hudson River by the Baptist clergyman at Troy, when she was about fourteen years old, while a pupil at Mrs. W——'s Seminary.

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at the Distribution, and at the Commencement at Mt. St. Mary's College, which took place on the 30th of June.

Do you ever have any day dreams about coming South again, or does the journey alarm you? I believe we are going into our Retreat next week, but I am not sure. School commences again on the 16th of August, and we will have it before that. Sister Ann Alexis has been home this summer, or late in spring. Sister Blandina is at home now, but she leaves here to-morrow to return to Boston. I would send this letter by her, but she is not going directly, so I suppose I had better send it by mail. Will you not write soon, and let me know if you are well? Dear Mother Etienne sends her love to you, also all the other dear Sisters whom you know. Please to give my love to M. J——, Mr. C——, and the children, to L——, and E——, and her children, and don't forget to give it to W—— and A—— and their little pet. When you write, tell A—— her little one has an aunt who prays for her very often. So do I pray for you all every day. I must stop, for the bell is going to ring.

Believe me ever your most affectionate daughter,

Sr. Mary Ignatia.

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St. Joseph's, Sept. 19th, 1847.

My Dearest Mother,

I received your welcome letter yesterday morning. I have been very anxious about you for some time, on account of your unusually long silence. You seem to think I do not write as often as I can, but indeed, dear mother, you ought to look in upon me sometimes now-a-days, and certainly you would not accuse me of spending much time in idleness. I was pleased to hear of your visitors from H. I only hope you may have many more, and such as will interest and amuse you. I thank M. J. for sending her love to me, and I am truly glad to hear that she is at least as well as usual. Please give my love to her. I was sorry to hear of W——'s illness, I hope he will not be injured by it; his constitution is not marvellously strong. How are L. and E——? you did not mention them in your letter. Tell A—— I only hope she will favor me with a visit. Give my love to both A—— and W—— when you write. I gave your love to mother Etienne. She desired me to give you hers also. You seem to think I do not get all your letters; at any rate I am sure that I get all that come to St. Joseph's — in fact, even were there any thing in them which would prevent their being given to me, — which there is not. Mother hardly ever reads them; in fact, I think *never* would be a much truer expression than *hardly ever*, for she does not even unfold them. How does the new city come on? you have not mentioned it in your letters lately. I hear Father McElroy is going to be stationed at Boston. I do not know if it is true, but I hope you will have the pleasure of seeing him if it should be so.

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In reading your letter, I sympathized deeply in what I knew must have been your feelings at the removal of grandfather's remains.

It must have been a painful time for you. You did not tell me in what part of H——l the new cemetery is situated. Is it nearer the town, or farther from it?

As a little token of my gratitude, I enclose you a little picture, since I will not be able to write again before the 29th. You will think it a very paltry token, but it is all I have to send, and if it were capable of expressing half my feelings, you would think it much. You speak of visiting St. Joseph's. You know, and I need not repeat that I shall always be most glad to see you.

With most fervent prayers for your happiness, believe me ever your most sincere and affectionate child,

SISTER MARY IGNATIA.

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St. Joseph's, Nov. 14th, 1847.

My Dearest Mother,

Although you have not answered my last letter, yet as I foresee that I shall be very constantly occupied for some time to come, I seize the present opportunity to write. The children's Retreat begins next Wednesday, and as soon as it is over, the Christmas examinations will commence, and all the rehearsals and drilling for play at Epiphany, so that I shall not have a spare moment. So you see that I am not so neglectful as you seem to intimate in your last letter.

Do you remember dear old Sister Louise, our blind Sister? I am sure you do, and that you will regret to hear that she was buried yesterday. When told that she was going to die, she exclaimed "Me very glad." If you remember, she was French, and her English was always broken. Dear old Sister! I have no doubt of her happiness now, in the presence of her God. She has always been so patient and cheerful under her affliction — twenty-five years, I believe, she has been blind. Mother has given me a little silver reliquary, which belonged to Sister Louise. I shall always keep it as a relic. We have lost many Sisters this year, mostly young ones, but I miss none of them so much as dear Sister Louise.

How are M. J. and the children? Please give my love to all of them, and remember me to Mr. C——, also to L—— and E——, and don't forget to give my love to W—— and A——; tell A—— I hope she will keep her promise of making a visit to Emmittsburgh.

Mother Etienne sends her love to you. She often inquires after you very kindly. Sister Augustine and Sister John Patience, Sister

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Rose Genevieve, and Sister Damian send their love. I had a letter from Sister Margaret yesterday, she is sister's servant in Cincinnati at present. She inquired particularly about you, although I believe you do not know her. So you see there are other Sisters beside Sister Mary Ignatia who think of you. They all hope you will be a Catholic one of these days. Sister Augustine desires to be remembered to M. J——. I beg, dear mother, you will excuse this scrawl. It is not because I am careless, but because I wish to write a long letter, and have but little time.

We have a very full school this year, and consequently have plenty to do. You need not feel any anxiety about my health, as I could not for a moment think of taking time to be sick. On the whole, I think plenty of work is an excellent medicine.

Our children have been not a little excited to-day, and nothing less than an Election was the cause. They chose their King and Queen for the Epiphany play. Sometimes we have the world in miniature here, though it is on the whole a very good-natured world. There is no doubt but the Valley air has an excellent effect, even on the children.

I expect M. J——'s children have grown so that I would hardly know them. I have never seen E——'s youngest, have I? I hope they are all as good as they used to be. I often think of them all. I hope you enjoyed your visit to Brookfield? Well! here I am coming to the end of my sheet, so I must conclude by begging you to take good care of yourself; and believe me ever your sincerely affectionate daughter,

SISTER MARY IGNATIA.

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St. Joseph's, Feb. 13th, 1848.

My Dearest Mother,

I received your kind letter about two weeks since, and I embrace the first opportunity of replying to it, and whatever portion of my sheet may remain unfilled when the recreation bell rings this evening, shall be attended to at my first leisure moment. I imagine you will begin to think my letters nothing else but a tissue of excuses, as to my want of time, but such expressions, frequently as they occur, are nothing but the simple truth, for at one time school is commencing and everything has to be arranged in "apple-pie order," as regards studies, and classes, &c., &c., and as soon as the way is clear, come the preparations for Mother's day, and the play, which at present fall to my lot,—which important events fairly over, the Distribution compositions claim all my leisure, then preparations for Distribution, then the Distribution itself, then the Vacations, then the Retreat, and then the routine commences again. In reading this you might suppose the vacations to be, as the name implies,—free time,—but never were you more mistaken than you would be in such a supposition, for it is the busiest time of all, since every long or odd job is put off to be done in vacation. These various duties, with my regular classes, my painting, sleep, meals, and religious exercises—last, but by no means least,—fill up my time so completely, that it seems sometimes that before I have time to realize the arrival of one month, the next has taken its place. As for days and weeks, they are nothing; and yet, how true as well as how awful is it, that upon each fleeting moment of each short day an eternity of happiness or misery depends! Oh! that Eternity—but alas! how many throw away the time granted by Infinite Mercy, and rush into it unprepared.

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The mails bring us sad news of the state of health in many places, particularly New Orleans, where the yellow fever and typhoid are raging. The Sisters have over nine hundred patients in the hospital. Two Sisters have gone home to our Lord, and we hope are receiving the reward of their labors.

When I think of the dear Sisters in the hospitals, I sometimes fear I have too easy times — but after all, it is not what one does, but the intention with which it is done that makes the merit; and to do little in obedience to the will of God is infinitely better than to do much from self-will. Did I tell you in my last letter, that Sister Frances Liguori is on a mission in Philadelphia? Sister Rose Genevieve is still at home. Many others whom you knew, when here, are on the mission now. Sister Bernard is at Wilmington, Sister Cephas is at Mt. Hope, Sister Damian is at a new mission established at St. Francis Xavia— (you remember the place, I am sure,) — it is called St. Lazare. It is for the poor of this neighborhood.

Mother Etienne has been very ill for some time, but she is better now; she sends her love, and the other Sisters whom you know, and *some whom you do not know*, but who know you as my mother. Give my love to M. J. and the children, also to Mr. C——. What you wrote me about —— made me very sad; please give my love to her — pray do n't forget it — she thinks I do not think of her, but she is very much mistaken; I only hope my prayers for her will be answered. Give my love to A——, and W——, and little Miss Lizzie ——. I hope A—— will fulfil her intention and visit St. Joseph's. I am glad to hear that you have visited some of my Catholic friends. I hope you will continue to go, and I am glad you take such an interest in

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botany. I am teaching botany this year myself. I hope you will extend your interest to the geography of the heavens, it would so amuse you. Well, paper, time, and all things seem to say—"Bring your letter to a conclusion;" so good-bye, my dearest mother. I wish you many, many happy new years, and remain ever your truly affectionate child,

SISTER MARY IGNATIA.

P. S. I have opened my letter to express a hope that you will have nothing to do with astronomy. After I finished my letter I happened to think you might be apt to take cold if you felt too much interest in looking at the stars. Perhaps you will say, "I should not think of attending to the study;" but you will forgive me, I was prompted solely by anxiety for your health and happiness.

Your affectionate child.

NOTE. The Retreat with the Sisterhood is a season of perfect seclusion, generally from five to ten days, the time wholly devoted to meditation, prayer, and spiritual reading.

"The Retreat" by Saint Ignatius, prepared for religious communities, to promote individual piety and self-examination, constitutes a great part of the spiritual reading. The book has never been printed.

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St. Joseph's, April 30th, 1848.

My own dear Mother,

I have begged a large sheet of paper from one of the Sisters, that I may write you a long, long letter, although I am very much pressed for time, and almost fear I will not finish it to-day,—but if I do not I will postpone the conclusion until next Friday, in letter-writing class, and finish while the children are writing their letters.

I received your letter, dated April 12th, in due season. I cannot tell you how much shocked I was to hear of dear ——'s death. How glad I am that I wrote that other letter, since it gave her any pleasure. How glad —— —— must be that she was with her. I regretted so much also that you were sick. I hope you are better now. I regretted, and regret that —— has changed so much in his belief. I cannot comprehend it. But I hope Almighty God will bring him to the truth at last. It was not necessary to ask my prayers for him, nor for any of the dear ones in New England.

Have you seen any of the Sisters lately? Mr. S—— told me when he was here, that Father McElroy was very desirous of having Sisters for his parish in Boston (Endicott street), and that he had applied for them. I hardly think he will get them just yet, as Sisters are so much wanted at the old missions. We have lost seven at New Orleans alone, I believe, within a few months, and I believe of the typhoid fever.

We came very near losing Sister John Patience the other day—she received a severe blow from a beam, which she did not see to avoid. The doctor said that if it had been an inch lower it would have killed her. Mother Etienne has been very sick most of this spring, but she is quite

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well now, much to our satisfaction. She sends her love to you. Sister John and all send their love.

You cannot imagine how nicely my little garden is looking; I am waiting very impatiently for my seeds to come up. I have several tulips in bud, and such beautiful heart's-ease in abundance in bloom for some time past. I was thinking, the other day, of the little set of garden tools I used to have at the convent, and you will not wonder when I inform you that my principal garden tools at present are my two hands,— but after all they do the work very well. I have been as busy as a bee over my children's Distribution compositions. I have almost finished correcting and copying, so I may hope to be done with them in a few days.

Father Deluol is here now. He is not well, his throat is very bad.

To-morrow will be the first of May, and the children are looking forward anxiously for a pleasant day. I hope they will be gratified, for their May-day celebration is very pretty, and what is better, very pious. They form in procession and go to the chapel of the Blessed Virgin, where the Queen of May crowns the statue of the Blessed Virgin, and many other little ceremonies are performed. Among them is one very pretty. All of them and many of the Sisters write little notes containing petitions, the grants of which they beg the Blessed Virgin to obtain for them. These petitions are burnt in the chapel with incense. During the procession the children sing the Litany of the Blessed Virgin. They will have eight guitars to accompany the singing to-morrow. Many little poetical addresses to the Blessed Virgin are spoken by the children, and as all are dressed in white, and the queen with her maids of honor are very prettily crowned, the whole scene is altogether very pretty. The little

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children are to have a queen of their own this year, a young lady not quite five years old being elected. She enters into the spirit of the affair as well as if she was twelve. The children were very busy yesterday; they made about thirty crowns of natural flowers, besides wreaths for the grotto, and other little chapels. The maids of honor wear wreaths, though theirs are inferior in beauty to that of the queen. The little queen is to have her own maids of honor. In the evening they have a party, where they enjoy abundance of good things.

I had almost forgotten to tell you, mother, that we have had two ladies here from Boston this week, — a Mrs. M. and her daughter. The daughter is a Catholic. I saw a good deal of Miss ——, and like her very much. She is full of zeal. She knows Mr. S——, and is very intimate with Mrs. R——, formerly of the community at Roxbury. She is now a Catholic. Miss —— read me part of a very interesting letter from her. Miss —— says that eight of that Roxbury community have become Catholics — six of them young men. Oh! if our dear Lord would make W—— a good Catholic! I have begged our Lord for all of you often and long. By and by he will grant it. Give my love to W—— and A—— when you write, and tell A—— the next letter I write North shall be an answer to her dear little note, which I was much pleased to receive. Give my love to all my friends, and in your next letter please tell me about M. J——'s health. Take good care of yourself, and believe me ever your truly affectionate child,

Sr. M. Ignatia.

P. S. I have read this letter over, and am truly ashamed of the stuff, but have not time to write another. Don't let any one see it, and excuse all.

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St. Joseph's, July 16th, 1848.

My own dear Mother,

Although you have not answered my last letter, yet I will not scruple to trouble you with a few lines, as I am very sure they will be far from unacceptable.

I send you this piece of poetry, which was one of the compositions read at our late Distribution; and as it was written by a New England child, and in my class, I thought it might prove interesting to you. I enclose one for M. J., which I beg you will give her from me, with much love. Dear Mother Etienne desires to be very kindly remembered to you. She has not been well for some time. The other Sisters whom you know desire me to send their love. We had a nice wagon ride the other day, to a very lovely place in the mountains, seventeen and a half miles distant. I wish you could see it. It would answer your most lively imaginations of the picturesque. We rose at half past two, and started on our jolt at four. The wagons were of that kind which we call baggage wagons in New England. Each contained about twenty individuals, children and Sisters, all "on pleasure bent," like the spouse of John Gilpin; and the jolting of that day supplied all deficiencies in the way of exercise we might have felt during the past year. You would have enjoyed it as we did, had you been there.

We are now in daily expectation of the Retreat, and then in a few days more, school will begin again. Time flies so fast here, and here I am at the end of my paper too; so love to all, and believe me ever your truly affectionate daughter,

Sr. Mary Ignatia.

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St. Joseph's, August 16th, 1848.

My own dear Mother,

Although it is but a very short time since I wrote to you, and although I have received no answer to my two last letters, I will not hesitate about writing again, for I am sure my letter will be welcome. Dear Mother Etienne will take this letter to Boston, and I am sure if it is in your power, you will see her while she is there. I hope nothing will prevent it, for she hopes to see you, and I am very anxious you should see her. I think her stay in Boston will be short, although I do not know. I do not think she has ever been in New England before, and I hope she will see every thing that will please her, and nothing that will displease her. You see how much partiality I have for New England, since I wish it to make such a good impression. I am certainly a thorough Yankee yet. Our vacation is over, and our school commenced this morning. I feel somewhat like drawing a long breath, long enough to last the whole year, so that I may not have to stop for that purpose again. You have no idea how industrious I intend to be this year. However, of late years I cannot accuse myself of wasting much time. When do you think you will visit St. Joseph's again? I suppose the *idea* of such a journey would fatigue you, particularly if you are not well; and I must own I have many fears that your health is not as good as usual, or you would have answered my letters.

Please give my love to W——, and A——, M. J——, Mr. C——, and the children, and to any of my friends you may see. If you see the S——'s, give them my love, particularly to dear A——.

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I would like to see her. As for myself, Mother will tell you all you wish to know concerning me, and I hope to hear all about yourself when she returns. I would write more, but time is wanting.

Believe me under all circumstances, ever your truly affectionate daughter,

SISTER MARY IGNATIA.

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St. Joseph's, Sept. 24th, 1848.

My Dearest Mother,

Although I have written so many times to you lately, and have not received any answer yet, as this week will bring round my twenty-seventh birthday, I cannot think of letting it pass without a letter. You know the feelings which prompt me to write, so I need not enlarge upon them. On Friday next do not forget me, as I shall pray for you to whom I owe so much. I hope to hear much about you when Mother Etienne returns. We do not expect her yet for some weeks. I learned that she saw you when in Boston, as she sent me a message to that effect in one of her letters, and that you wished her to go to Methuen. I know she could not do that, as it would not be according to our customs, but I would have been very glad if it had been possible. I am so glad you were able to go to Boston to see her. I was very much afraid something would happen to prevent, and I feel quite desirous to hear all about it. Do you ever think of another visit to St. Joseph's? It would be quite a nice journey for you and M. J. to take together. How is M. J.? better, I hope, than when I saw her last. Please give her a great deal of love from me. Tell her I would like her to write sometimes, if she will. How are the children? almost grown up, are they not? at least W——? I was counting up their ages the other day, and I was quite astonished to find what big boys they must be. I expect the place at M. is very beautiful by this time, it had such advantages by nature. Did you stay long in Boston when you were there? and did you see anything of Mrs. J—— or A—— S——? Tell me how they are when you write. I wish A—— was a

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Catholic, and here; she would be so much happier. Tell me all about yourself when you write, please. Do you know I have been so anxious, as I have not heard from you since the spring, and I was very much afraid you were very sick; but hearing that you saw Mother has relieved my mind of that fear. You must forgive me for writing such a scrawl as this is, but I wish to write you a nice long letter, and I have such a short allowance of time (as usual) that I will not be able to write a long letter, and a nice one, and I know very well which you will prefer. You do not know how busy I am. Among other of my employments, I am getting quite skilful in water-color painting. I have the class in that branch this year. Are you as much interested in botany as ever? and have you become interested in anything else? you know you must tell me all about your employments, for I love to think you are interested in anything, that your time may pass more pleasantly. There is one thing above all others that I wish to see you interested in, and I do hope to see the accomplishment of my wishes. You know I mean Catholicity. I know you will not join in this hope now, but the time will come. Do you know I think it will be the reward of your many charities to the poor, when you had it in your power? How I love to think of your visits and charities to the poor!— and the graces and blessings they may obtain you from God. I enclose you a little picture of our dear Lord in his humble station of the son of a carpenter, bearing the imitations of the instruments of his future passion, which he himself has made. Is not the idea beautiful, that from his earliest youth his greatest delight was to contemplate those sufferings by which he should redeem mankind?

I also enclose you another little picture of a martyr. I did mean

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to have drawn you something for to-day, but have not had time. In fact, I never was so busy in my life as I am this year. However, you will, I know, accept the will for the deed, and give these pictures, the prettiest I could get, a place in your prayer book, which I am sure you still have. Give my love to W—— and A——, when you see them, or when you write to them. Again love to *all*, *all*, and believe me ever your truly affectionate daughter,

Sr. M. Ignatia.

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St. Joseph's, Oct. 29th, 1848.

My own dear Mother,

Although it is not long since I wrote, yet as I am sure you will welcome another letter, I thought I would write to-day, particularly as I am going to be very busy for some time to come. There is one thing I should like, if you have an opportunity before or near Christmas. It is to ask A——, Mrs. T—— I should say, if she is willing to lend me for a few months that pretty Madonna she painted before I left Boston — the one we both painted at the same time, she in miniature and I in oils. If there could be such a thing as a safe opportunity for it to come and return, I should be very glad to borrow it for a time. I hope dear M. J—— enjoyed her visit to New Amsterdam. Please give her much love from me, to the children also, though I shall not send them any kisses since they are grown so big. Give my love to L——, and W——, and A——, and to any one who may remember me. I hear Mr. C—— S—— is going to Rome. I suppose A—— feels sorry. I regretted very much to hear of A——'s bad health. I hope it will improve soon. I would like to see W—— with his children about him.

We have one hundred and five scholars at present; more are expected. Mother Etienne sends a great deal of love to you. All the Sisters whom you know, also send their love. Mother Etienne looked quite thin when she returned from her long journey, but she is like herself now. Take good care of yourself, now that the weather is changing, dear mother, and that may perhaps save you a fit of sickness. As I have another letter to write, to acknowledge the receipt of some things which Mr. J—— purchased for me, I shall bring this to a

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conclusion by begging you will always remember, my dearest mother, that I am your truly affectionate child,

Sr. M. Ignatia.

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St. Joseph's, Jan. 6th, 1849.

My own dearest Mother,

I received, a few days since, your kind letter dated Dec. 31st. I sympathize truly in all your disappointments, but I hope your principal wish for the winter may yet be realized. You regretted my not receiving that *finery*. I assure you I do not regret it at all, as I did very well without it. The affair for which I wanted it is all over, and I did not need anything more than I had. You need not give it another thought, even if you have the best *opportunity*, as I shall now have no use for it.

You mentioned in your letter having had a very pleasant visit at Brookfield. I was very glad to hear about it. I hope you will have many more such. I wrote to A—— some six or eight months since, I think, but she has not answered my letter. However, being a *minister's wife*, and having a whole parish to please, besides a young family to take care of, to say nothing of a husband to make happy, etc., etc., etc., and hundreds of friends nearer and dearer than myself to write to, I do not consider myself as having any right to complain.

You say M. J. is at Boston. I hope W. and H—— will improve most rapidly at Andover. How old is F—— now? I cannot picture him to myself in any other way than as the little fair, curly-headed boy, who used to dance across the room to me so gracefully when I would whistle and wonder where my little fairy was. The dear little soul! Do you know I really feel sorry to think he has grown up to be a great boy? I suppose, however, M. J. would not thank me for wishing him to remain small. By the way, I had Methuen brought to my recollection the other day, from a most unexpected quarter. Do you remember the

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piece of poetry I sent you last autumn? The young lady who wrote it is now in Mobile, spending the winter. She has written to me frequently since she left school, and in a letter which I received last week, she mentions having met and spent a delightful evening with a young lady who frequently visited Methuen. She says the lady knows my Aunt M. J. well.

Mother Etienne sends you a great deal of love, also Sister Augustine, Sister John Patience, Sister Rose Genevieve, Sister Damian. Sister Francis Legueri has gone on a mission to St. Louis.

And now, my own dear mother, as my time is almost spent, I must bring my letter to a conclusion.

Whenever it will be in your power to visit St. Joseph's, you know I will always be too happy to see you; and enclosing a great deal of love for yourself and any of my friends you may see, I commit you and all connected with you, into the hands of our dear Lord, hoping he will grant you every blessing for time and for eternity that your heart can wish, or mine can desire for you. Do not forget that I am anxious to hear about your health when you next write.

As ever, I remain your truly affectionate and grateful child,

SISTER MARY IGNATIA.

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St. Joseph's House, June 17th, 1849.

My dearest Mother,

I regret that my silence has been the cause of one moment's anxiety to you; it was only occasioned by the multiplicity of my duties, and my not having received any answer to my last letter to you. Did you receive it? I was fearful that I would not have time to write to you to-day, as I have been examining a class in Catechism. You know our examinations here take time, as each child is examined by herself, and not all together. There were eleven in the class I have examined to-day, but I finished in time for dinner, and so I have rather more than a half hour at my disposal before Vespers, and I am too glad to employ it in answering your last welcome letter, dated June 10th. During vacation I will try and write again, and will also write to Anna. I am so sorry W—— lost his little boy. You may be sure I was pleased to see, by his letter, that he remembered me with sufficient affection to intend naming the child for me. Pray give my love to W—— and A——, when you write to them. I was so sorry to hear of M. J——'s illness. How is she now? Give my love to her, to Mr. C——, and to all the children. Tell her I think it would be good for her health to travel — to the South, for instance. But as this bids fair to be a cholera season, I suppose she would prefer remaining at home. Have there been any cases of cholera in Boston yet? There was some talk about its being in Baltimore, but I believe without any foundation. It is very healthy here at present, though every precaution is being taken in regard to diet, etc., as much as if the cholera were about approaching us, which I hardly think it will, as the air here is so pure. Were

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it right to fear at all, I think I would rather fear consumption, than cholera, as far I am myself concerned.

We are very busy just now preparing for the Distribution, which will take place on Thursday, the 28th of this month. It is, as you know, our busiest time. I wish you could be present at one of our Distributions. I think you would be interested. Mother Etienne sends a great deal of love to you. She says you could not be more glad to come, than she would be to see you here. All the Sisters you know send much love. Many, however, that were at home when you were here, are on the mission now. As to the report of my going on a mission to Boston, there is not the slightest truth in it. I imagine, (although, of course, I know nothing of my Superior's intentions,) that I will remain stationary for a year or two, at least. So you need not be fearing that I shall be farther from you than my present quiet, happy home.

Do not forget to give my love to L——, and to all who remember me enough to care about receiving it.

I shall endeavor to write you a long letter before many weeks will have passed; but do not imagine again, when you do not hear from me, that I am either sick or on a mission, for if I were any way dangerously sick, you would hear of it from Mother, and if I go on a mission I will write and let you know. Neither must you ever think it neglect. I *would not neglect you.* But you must attribute it to my numerous duties, etc. You need not fear making any mistake. I would send a more particular message to W—— and A——, but that I mean to write to A—— as soon I have time, and I may perhaps write to W—— too. Again love to all, and believe me, as ever,

Your truly affectionate child,

SISTER MARY IGNATIA.

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St. Joseph's House, July 21st, 1849.

My own dearest Mother,

In the letter I wrote you a few weeks since, I promised to write a long letter in vacation, to supply for the deficiencies of that, which promise I will now gladly fulfil. In your last letter to me, you wish you could see St. Joseph's and the Sisters. How I sympathize in that wish, and hope if it be the will of God your desire may be gratified. And yet, just at present, since the cholera is prevailing so in every place, I should feel very anxious if I knew you thought of travelling. I do not think even the pleasure of seeing you would compensate, in any degree, for the anxiety I should feel at knowing you were exposed. Probably you hear quite as much about the cholera as we do, but perhaps not quite the same. Several of our Sisters in the cities where it is, have had it, but only one has died of it. This seems a special mercy of Providence, since their labors are so incessant, and so fatiguing, and they are exposed night and day to the most infected atmosphere. In St. Louis, besides the regular hospital, our Sisters are attending five temporary hospitals, and even visiting others who are not in the hospitals. In one family there, seven died in one day, and I believe the survivors could get no one to come near to assist them, while all these corpses were in the house, but a Sister of Charity. How happy that Sister must have been, privileged to assist souls so neglected.

There were, in St. Louis, over nine hundred deaths in one week. At home we pray for the dear Sisters who are bearing the burden and heat of the day, and wish we could go to their assistance, but must be

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contented to do without such a favor, as some must stay at home to perform the duties of the house. At any rate, you know that whatever attractions nursing the poor sick may have, it cannot be denied that we are very happy at our own dear valley home.

Since the Distribution we have made our annual Retreat. This year, the instructions were given, and the exercises were directed by Bishop T——, of Buffalo, a most saintly man. He was, previous to his being made Bishop, Superior of the Lazarists in this country. The order of the Lazarists, generally called the Congregation of the Mission, was founded by St. Vincent of Paul; so you see we may consider them as our brothers. I do not think I ever heard any instructions or sermons I liked so much as his. Of our Retreat you can form some little idea from the meditations you heard when you were here.

Our school bids fair to be very large next year. We have over sixty at present in the house. I do not remember any year since I have been here, that so many children remained during the vacation.

The election for assistant Mother is just over, and I will give you the pleasure of knowing that your old friend, as I am sure you consider her, Sister Damian, who occupied that post when you were here, has been elected to it again, after three years' release from it.

Sister Serena has been assistant Mother in the mean time, and very happy she feels this evening, on being released from a situation which carries with it such great responsibility.

I have just told Sister Damian that I am writing to you. She desires me to give you her love. She inquired very particularly after your health. And now, pray, have I not told you enough about St. Joseph's? At any rate I cannot think of anything more that would

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interest you, except, what I am sure you will care more about than all the rest, that our dear Mother remembers you most kindly, and I never ask permission to write to you that she does not charge me to give her love.

And now, dearest mother, I beg you, when you write, to tell me all about yourself and your health. I hope it is better than it was in the winter. And dear M. J——, I was so sorry to hear of her sickness. Please give her a great deal of love from me; tell her to take care of herself, and tell her I want to hear of her being in good health, and very happy. There is one thing I would be still better pleased if I should hear it, of any one of you. You can guess what that is. My love to dear L——. I will write to A—— to-day or to-morrow, if nothing happens to prevent. Write soon, and believe me, dearest mother, ever your most affectionate child,

Sr. M. Ignatia.

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St. Joseph's House, Sept. 30th, 1849.

My own dearest Mother,

Although I have received no answer to my last letter, I would not for one moment hesitate about writing to you to-day, since yesterday was the 29th, that day which recalls to my mind all the benefits, the care, and the unwearied kindness you have bestowed on me since my birth. Would that it was in my power to do more than utter a few poor words to show my gratitude! and yet, though I can do nothing, God can do everything, and continually do I entreat him for blessings on you, temporal and spiritual. Oh! may my prayers be heard and answered! What is the reason of your long silence? I have hoped, almost against my judgment, that it was not occasioned by sickness. I have found one other reason for your not writing. It is, that you are, or have been visiting A—— and W——, and concluded to defer writing until your return to M. A—— told me in her last letter that she expected, or rather that she hoped to have you with her this summer some time. I have not yet answered her letter, but I intend to do so before a great while. We have been suffering much here for the want of rain, but to-day we are blessed with an abundance. You may imagine how great the drought has been when I tell you that the people from town had to come to our Creek to get water to cook with. Our pumps did not give out, for which we were very thankful. Our dear Mother Etienne is now in Baltimore. Were she at home, I should, I know, be charged with a most affectionate message for you. Sister Augustine is in Norfolk, and has been there for some time. I do not know when she will return. Sister Damian sends much love. Oh! I

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had almost forgotten to tell you that I have been in Baltimore this summer. I stayed at Mount Hope, and was extremely interested in the insane patients. I like Mount Hope. It is a most delightful place. Did you see it when you were in Baltimore? Please give my love to M. J——, Mr. C——, and all the children. Please also give W—— and A—— a great deal of love from me when you see them or write to them.

I shall be obliged to stop, as it is getting dark, and in fact I have been fairly groping my way over the whole of the last page. Much love to all. Write soon, and believe me ever, till death,

Your most truly affectionate child,

SR. MARY IGNATIA.

I enclose a little picture, and trifling as the gift is, I know you will value it, as it is my work, and I have nothing else to send. You cannot imagine how much pleasure I took yesterday in doing it, thinking I was to send it to you.

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St. Joseph's House, Nov. 11th, 1849.

My very dear Mother,

I received your last welcome letter with much pleasure, short as it was. Your promised visit will give much gratification, but I regret that you will have to travel alone in such unpleasant and cold weather as at the time you mention. But you know best. Dear Mother Etienne sends much love to you, and desires me to say that she will be as well pleased to see you as myself. Pray wrap yourself up well. I am very glad my little picture pleased you, but it certainly is not worth framing, yet if it will give you pleasure, it is all as you wish. You will be surprised to hear that Father Deluol is gone to France. He is no longer our Superior. We have now a Lazarist, that is, a Priest of the Congregation of the Missions, instituted by St. Vincent. At present he is at St. Louis, where there are many Lazarists, and he is Provincial of all the Lazarists in America, or rather in the United States. His name is Father Maller. Give my love to all, and excuse this very short letter, for as I am very much engaged to-day, I would not have written, only that I did not like to postpone answering your letter any longer, for fear you might be waiting to receive it. When I see you, I will supply all deficiencies; at any rate, you know that I am now, as ever, your own most affectionate child,

Sister Mary Ignatia.

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St. Joseph's, Feb. 19th, 1850.

My own dearest Mother,

I received your two welcome letters, and answer them a little more promptly than usual. I was disappointed at not seeing you as I expected in December, but on the whole, I was very glad you did not undertake to travel at that time of the year, as I am sure it would have been a very great exposure. I sympathized too in the motive which detained you at home. Poor little child! I hope sincerely his lot may differ widely from that of his poor mother, for hers was truly a sad life and an early death. Has he been baptized? I suppose not; however, I wish he were. How cruel is that custom, to suffer children to want that without which no one can enter the kingdom of heaven! Do not let him die without it, dear mother, if he should die while in your care. Give him a great deal of love from me, and tell him I do love him without seeing him. Do not forget to give my love to M. J——, Mr. C——, and the children, and to dear L——.

I expect Lawrence has got to be quite a city by this time. Do you ever go to the Catholic Church there? I was so glad you went to see dear Mrs. J——, and M—— is such a fine girl. Do give my love to her when you see her again. I have sometimes thought of writing to her lately, but she did not answer my last letter, and I suppose she does not care enough about hearing from me, to make it worth while. Dear Mother Etienne sends you a great deal of love. I have not answered the letter I received from Anna last summer, but I intend to do it this evening, so I need not send any message to her or W—— in this. Sister Augustine is on a mission at Mo-

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bile. I think there are none of the Sisters whom you know, left at home, except Sister Damian, Sister John Patience, and Sister Rose Genevieve, and they all send their love. Sister Frances Legouri is on a mission at St. Louis. I suppose you are wondering when my turn will come to take my share of the mission. To tell the simple truth, I do not think I shall go just at present; but after all, there is no knowing.

Will you tell me in your next letter how A—— is? Please give her a great deal of love from me if you see her. And do not forget to let me know all about yourself, and everything that interests you. Do not forget to pray for me, as I do not forget to pray for you. If you remember me as often before our Lord, and with as much earnestness as I remember you, I am satisfied. That this letter, trifling, and empty, and short as it is, may give you one moment of pleasure, is the sincere wish of your own ever affectionate child,

SISTER MARY IGNATIA.

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St. Joseph's House, May 25th, 1850.

My dearest Mother,

It is so long since you have written, that I feel not a little anxious, fearing that you may be ill. I truly hope my fears are without foundation, and that some other reason has been the cause of your silence. I cannot wonder if you are sick, if the spring has been with you as it has been in this part of the country. I do not think there has been any year since I have been here, that was to be compared with it for backwardness. As yet, if you will credit it, I have not even dreamed of changing my winter clothing, and generally, if I recollect right, I despatch it early in April. You see I am very prudent. How is little ——? is he with you yet? I hope so, for I am sure it is a great comfort to you if you have him. And dear M. J——, is she in Boston, or has she returned to Methuen? Give much love to her, and Mr. C——, and the children, and also to L——. I wrote to A—— to-day a very short letter, but I thought it was better to write a few lines than to put off answering her kind letter any longer. Have you entirely given up your idea of coming South again? I hope not; at the same time I don't want you to come again in the winter. It is too great an exposure for you, and besides, it is not half as pleasant for strangers here in the winter. You lose all the nice walks, etc., around the place. Did you see the list of passengers for Europe in the Steamer Washington that left New York on the 18th of this month? Perhaps you did not notice it, even if you saw it, so I will tell you that in that list were four Sisters of Charity, our Sisters too. They were on their way to France. Sister Valentine, Sister Vincentia, Sister Maria Louise, and Sister Ann De Sales. Sister Ann

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De Sales was Sisters' Infirmarian at the time you were here. And now, dear mother, as I suppose you are wondering what our Sisters are going to Paris for, I will tell you something else, which although pretty well known among many Catholics, has, I suppose, hardly reached your ears yet, that our dear Community in America is no longer a separate Community, but has been united to the Community in France, the very one founded by St. Vincent and Madame Le Gras, and which now numbers about eight thousand Sisters. We consider the union as one of the greatest blessings God has bestowed on our Community.

The Mother house of the Community is in Paris. There are three hundred novices there. We used to think we were very numerous, but really we have to hide our diminished heads when compared with them. They have missions in Algiers, Constantinople, Alexandria, China, Spain, Italy, Poland, and I know not where else besides. Our Community is now under the direction of the Lazarists, the children of St. Vincent. I believe I told you this in my last letter, as well as that our dear Father Deluol is in Paris. As I believe this is all that is publicly known of our affairs, it must be all that I can say, and I do n't know if any thing more would possess much of interest for you. Our dear Mother Etienne sends much love to you, also Sister Damian, Sister John Patience, Sister Rose Genevieve. Please give much love from me to all my friends, or all that inquire after me. I presume that after nearly seven years, which is, you know, "time immemorial," the number is not very great. But whatever quantity you give away of my love, reserve for yourself all that the most affectionate daughter can feel, and believe that now as ever I am

Your own devoted child,

Sr. Mary Ignatia.

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St. Joseph's, July 14th, 1850.

My own dearest Mother,

To prove my good will, I am going to begin my letter to-night, although I have but ten minutes before the recreation bell will ring, and then I can write no more. You see how much I am inclined to answer your letter promptly this time. I have been to Baltimore since I received your letter, to purchase the things necessary for the drawing-room next year. I had quite a busy time of it, not at all to my fancy, for I am not fond of shopping. I expect before next Sunday to be in my retreat. You have some faint, but it is only a faint idea of what a retreat is. I am beginning to prepare my mind for it now. I have written to Anna this evening. I received a letter from her the same day that I received yours, containing the news of little Sarah's death. I felt very sorry. I do hope she was baptized. A—— told me that she expected a visit from you. I am very glad that you are going there for a while. I hope you will be able to keep your resolution, and come on here in the fall. Give a great deal of love to M. J——, to L——, Mr. C——, and the children. Tell little W—— he must not wonder any more if I like him,

Wednesday Morning, July 17th, — for I certainly do love him very much. Whether I ever saw him or not, it is enough that he is E——'s child. As I expected, I did not get time to finish this letter on Sunday night, although I wrote as fast as I could scribble. I only reached the bottom of the first page, and as you can see, the bell caught me in the middle of a sentence. I do not think you need to have much fear of my leaving the United States at present. I begged very hard

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to be one of the four who were sent in May to the Mother house in Paris, but you see I was not one of the chosen. At any rate, I suppose they will come back to America one of these days, so you see you would not have lost me forever, even if I had been chosen. I really think that for *many* years to come I shall be on no other mission than dear St. Joseph's House, near Emmittsburgh, Maryland. So you see you have no cause for alarm. I have wished so often lately that I had your faculty for making pretty little things; and what do you suppose is the reason? I have a new charge, the Orphans' Case, where all sorts of things of the needle-work kind are kept for sale for the benefit of the orphans. I expect you would willingly share your ability with me; you would still have enough left for yourself. My little garden has been much neglected of late, and some very flourishing weeds rise up very prominently in it. I try not to look at it, for just at present I have not time even to touch it.

Please give my love to all, particularly my love and a kiss to little E——, when you see her. Tell her I shall give her, in addition to her own share in my prayers, the share that was little Sarah's; and now, dearest mother, I shall be obliged to bring my letter to a close. You must excuse the writing, for I am very much pressed for time, and I did not wish to defer writing until I had more. Mother Etienne sends much love to you, also Sister Damian, and Sister John Patience. Tell dear M. J—— I am glad the whip-poor-will comes to remind her of me — not that I think she would forget me without — but perhaps she might not think of me so often. Need I say, dearest mother, I am, as ever, your own devoted daughter,

Sr. M. Ignatia.

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St. Joseph's House, Oct. 31st, 1850.

My own dearest Mother,

I hasten to write you a few lines, that I may not miss to-night's mail. How could you imagine that your visit would not be agreeable? You must have forgotten how many times I have expressed my hopes of seeing you, and the repeated messages of our dear Mother Etienne. She wishes me to tell you in this letter, with her love, that your visit will be as agreeable to her as to me. I shall be on the look-out for you, the last of November, as you say. I should have written before, but you had not answered my last letter, and as you had said you were coming on in the fall, I did not feel sure but you were already on your way. I have been keeping a little picture that I think you will like, and a pair of beads that I have been wearing for some years, and that I thought you would like to have on that account, to send to you by the first opportunity, in case you did not come; but I will not send them, now I am sure of your coming, but keep them till I see you. You must excuse this scrawl, but I was determined to write to-day, having received your letter last night, that you might not remain any longer under the impression that I could in the least neglect you, or do anything else but love and cherish you as my own dear mother. I will have to conclude, as it wants but a few minutes of the bell, and I will only have time to fold and direct. But in concluding, let me remind you again, and a thousand times if necessary, that I am and ever will be, under all circumstances,

Your own truly affectionate child,

Sister M. Ignatia.

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St. Joseph's House, Dec. 23d, 1850.

Dearest Mother,

I hasten to write, to let you know that the carriage will come for you to-morrow some time after dinner; so do not fail to be ready. It is going to be very cold, so wrap up warm. I expected you would have been out some of the past fine days, but I suppose you were busy. Take a good long sleep to-night, dearest mother, as you will have but a short one to-morrow night. As ever,

I am your own devoted child,

Sr. M. Ignatia.

St. Joseph's House.

Dearest Mother,

This pretty little affair was presented to me last night, and I asked permission to receive it, and to send it to you at the same moment. I do not suppose you will care much for the sugar-plums, but I am sure you will be pleased by any proof of the constant remembrance of your own affectionate child,

Sr. M. Ignatia.

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St. Joseph's.

My dear Mother,

I told Mother that you desired me to present her the mountain picture you painted for her. She thinks it excellent, and requested me to write and give you her thanks. She told me this morning that she hoped you stayed to supper last night. Hoping that you took no cold from the dampness of the air last evening, I remain your affectionate daughter,

Sr. M. Ignatia.

St. Joseph's House.

Dearest Mother,

I received your little message this morning. I am so sorry to hear that you have been so ill, but I am truly glad that you are better. I feared that you were sick, it is so long since you were here. I suppose you have heard that dear Mother Etienne left us on Friday, for France. You can imagine how much we all felt her departure.

I send you a book which was given me the other day by one of the old scholars who was here on a visit. I thought perhaps you might like to have it. It may be of some service to you. Please get well soon. Dear Sister Damian sends her love; she seems as sorry as myself to hear of your illness. I write in great haste.

Ever your own devoted child,

Sr. M. Ignatia.

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DEAREST MOTHER,

I am so much afraid that you have been caught in this shower. Please send me word by the bearer of this. Sister Damian is so worried. She would send the barouche, but knows that by the time it would be ready you would be at home. Please let me know all. I blame myself for having advised you to go, so please do not take cold. In great haste,

Your own devoted child,

SR. M. IGNATIA.

ST. JOSEPH'S, MAY 11TH, 1851.

DEAREST MOTHER,

I enclose you the few lines, which, according to your request, I have written to M. J ——. You can read them and see if I have written enough to be worth sending. I would write more, but I have very little time to-day, as I am going to Baltimore to-morrow morning to have my teeth filled; I shall be back as quick as they are done. I will send you word as soon as I come. Please take good care of yourself while I am gone. Is your jubilee over? Remember me most kindly to Mrs. Agnew. Hannah sends much love to you. She is in great affliction, having heard of her uncle's death. Sister Damian sends much love, and Sister Raphael and Sister Lucia. Sister A. Simeon is expected here to-morrow night. One of the children is going down to Baltimore with me, to have her eyes attended to. We are going as far as Frederic in St. Joseph's carriage. Sister A—— Simeon is coming that way, and

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will return in it. I am very fortunate to be going to-morrow, as other wise I suppose I could not have avoided a whole day of stage-riding, which I do not like as well as you do.

Please pray for me. You see even a jubilee does not satisfy me. I must stop for want of time.

Ever your own devoted child,

SISTER M. IGNATIA.

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St. Joseph's House, June 22d, 1851.

Dearest Mother,

I was so glad to receive your letter written from Philadelphia, and to hear that you had got so far safely. I did not answer immediately, because I thought it would be better to wait a little, as it would be so long before you would reach M. The leaves I would send you in this, but I have the drawing-room completely upset, preparing for Distribution, but I will send them in my next letter. I feel confident that you would prefer the delay to my taking the time it would require to find them now, or I would not do so. Dear Mother Etienne arrived home safely yesterday morning. I know you will be delighted to hear it. She sends much love. You may imagine we have not given her much time to rest since her arrival. Dear Sister Damian sends much love, and begs you will pray for her. All the Sisters you know send a great deal of love. Sister Lucia is so glad you are going to see her mother, and I am very glad too. Hannah was much pleased to hear that her parents had been so polite to you in Philadelphia. She sends a great deal of love. All is hurry and preparation for the Distribution here now. You can easily imagine how little leisure time I have, and so can excuse a letter as hastily and badly written as this. I could not bear to leave it till next Sunday, for fear you should be disappointed by not finding it at M—— when you arrived. Father Burlando admires the jars very much. He says the style is Spanish. You need not expect that we shall use them for *scrap jars*. Sister Raphael borrowed them for the little Chapel last Thursday, which was the feast of Corpus Christi. I wish you could have been here on that day, to see the

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procession. It was beautiful. In my next, when I have more time, I will give you a description of it. Now I must stop, for the bell for adoration will ring by the time I can fold and direct this. As ever, I am, my dearest mother,

Your own devoted child,

Sr. M. Ignatia.

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St. Joseph's House, July 23d, 1851.

My own dearest Mother,

I received with the greatest pleasure your nice long letter. I was very sorry to hear that you had been so ill. If I had known it at the time I should have been so much worried. I am glad that they were all pleased with the trifling gifts I was able to send them. Give much love to all from me — to dear M. J. and the children, and when you see W—— and A—— you must give a great deal of love, and kiss the little one and Miss Lizzie for me. Mother Etienne sends a great deal of love. We have not yet put on our new dress, but it will not be very long before we shall have it. We have made our annual Retreat; we came out on St. Vincent's Day, the 19th of this month. You must not forgot to pray very hard for me on the 31st of this month, for it is the feast of my Patron, St. Ignatius. I have the other relic which I told you I thought I would receive, of St. Ignatius. I have not yet come across those leaves. I put them in some book to press, and I do not know which one. I will send them, I hope, in my next. Did you receive the letter I wrote to meet you on your arrival in M.?

You remember Sister Anna, do you not, who was with me in the drawing-room for a while, and afterwards went on the mission. She went to Cincinnati, and a short time since she was taken with typhoid fever. She is now dead; she died on the 16th of this month, very happily. We were much pained to receive this news, she had left home so recently, and in such excellent health. But man proposes while God disposes.

Have you been to H—— yet? I hope you will really enjoy your-

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self while you are there. Give my love to dear Aunt ——, to dear J——, and to all who remember me, and the same in M. I suppose your stay in Boston was so short that you did not see Sister L——'s mother. I hope you will not forget it the next time you go. Sister Lucia, Sister John Patience, Sister Damian, Sister Anne Simeon, Sister Scholastica, and all whom you know, desire much love.

When you write, tell me all about yourself, particularly your health. I am much better than I was when you were here. Since the Distribution, I have taken so much holiday, I must conclude now, acknowledging, however, that your nice long letter deserved even a much longer reply, if I only had a little more time.

As ever, you know, I am your own devoted child,

SISTER MARY IGNATIA.

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St. Joseph's, Nov. 1st, 1851.

My dearest Mother,

I did not think, at the time I wrote to W——, that I should wait so long before writing to you, but I have had another little spell of illness, and so there was an extra delay. This will account for my not having written on or near the 29th of September. Sister Ann Alexis was here, and said she had seen you a few days before she left Boston. I was so glad to see any one who had seen you. It was next to seeing you myself. I shall send this letter to Brookfield, but I hardly think you can still be there, but as you may be, and as it will be very easy to forward it if you are not there, I may as well do so. Dear Mother Etienne is not very well. She is suffering much with her head. She sends much love to you. Sister Damian, Sister Anne Simeon, Sister Scholastica, Sister John Patience, and Sister Lucia send much love. Give much love from me to dear M. J.—— and L——, and all, all. I am going to write to Anna to-day. I shall enclose some little pictures, —one for you, which I will ask A—— to send to you with this letter, if you are not at B——. You must not forget to give me a description of your visit to H. when you write next. I shall expect to hear that you enjoyed yourself so much. And all about your plans, how they prosper, etc. Have you visited the Catholic Church in Lawrence since your return? You must go there sometimes to recall St. Joseph's. You know I do not wish you to forget us. The weather here now is very pleasant. You can easily imagine a real Indian summer day. Every one is enjoying it. It would be a nice day for you to walk from town if you were here. In fact, it seems a great deal like one of

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the days when Sister Lucia walked with me part of the way home with you. Do you remember it? You must not omit telling me all about M. J. and her children, and E——'s little W——, as well as about L——, and about your visit to B——. Have you seen E. P. P. lately? Give my love to her, and to all. Give my love to dear Mrs. J——, and please ask her to give my love to M. K.

I will not write much more now, dearest mother, but I hope to be able to write a little sooner next time. I feel very sorry when I am obliged to postpone answering your letters for any length of time. Pray for me often, dear mother — do not forget it. I need not assure you how frequently I pray for you.

I am, as ever, your own truly affectionate child,

SISTER MARY IGNATIA.

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St. Joseph's, Dec. 14th, 1851.

My dearest Mother,

I received your dear letter, and thank you for it. You must not think so much of my being sick. You know I am not strong, and that I often have little spells of sickness, but that really they amount to nothing very serious. At present I am much better; I am delighted to hear that you are carrying out your plans so successfully. I sincerely hope our dear Lord will bless all your efforts. Mrs. D——'s house is a very pleasant one, and if it were not so, I am sure you would change its appearance. I shall often think of you, and imagine you in it. I have no doubt your furniture will be perfectly unique in its style. How are M. J—— and the children? I am glad to hear that W——, little W—— I was on the point of saying, has entered college, and that he promises to do so well. I am sure M. J—— must be highly delighted. How does H—— do? Will it be long before he enters college? Give my love to all. I was sorry to hear of your disappointment. I suppose you would be glad to be here for a few moments now to see us all. We have put on the French habit, and our appearance is not a little altered. It looks much more cheerful than the other, and as you supposed, the white linen head-dress gives the whole person a very great air of neatness. It will be a week to-morrow since we put it on; the keeping it clean I find by no means so difficult as I anticipated. When you next come, you will see it for yourself. I received a letter from A—— some time since. I have not yet answered it, and I hardly know when I shall be able to do so; and to tell the truth, I do not imagine it would be of much consequence either to her

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or W——, if I never should write, consequently it would be hardly worth while to make any desperate effort. You can give my love to them when you write. Our dear Mother Etienne sends much love to you. She has been suffering from a severe attack of rheumatism, but she is better now. Sister Lucia, Sister Damian, Sister John Patience, and all, send much love. Pray take good care of yourself. You know how much it would afflict me to hear that you were ill.

I am going to write a few lines to your little friend H—— G—— to-day. I have left a letter of hers unanswered for a long time, it is so hard for me to get time to write. I am taking so much time this winter in order to get better health, going to bed early, getting up late, very frequently not rising until half past five, which is one whole hour and a half later than the Community hour. These, and several other indulgences which I have to allow myself, encroach most wofully on my time. I have to be very economical of it, to accomplish anything at all. However, I hope to be able to do more after a while, for I am much better now, and hope to continue improving.

The bell will ring in a few moments for dinner prayers, so I must stop.

I wish my letter was more interesting, but such as it is I will send it.

You do not, I hope, need the assurance that I am, as ever,

Your own truly affectionate child,

Sr. M. Ignatia.

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St. Joseph's, Feb. 15th, 1852.

Dearest Mother,

I received your dear letter day before yesterday with so much pleasure. You had delayed writing so long that I was not a little alarmed about you, particularly knowing how severe the winter is, and that you had commenced your undertaking of housekeeping. But your account of your little arrangements has put me quite at ease.

Have you commenced teaching yet? Do tell me all about it, and how you succeed. I enclose you two little pictures which may perhaps be of some service to you as patterns. I hope you will be *very, very* fortunate, and that God may bless every least exertion. I can imagine you will have a way of your own for teaching; you will hardly take the common road.

I am so glad to hear that H—— is religiously inclined. Tell Fred I thought he was coming on with his mother to see my valley home. I hope he has not given up the idea. How is M. J——'s health? you did not tell me in your letter. Give my love to all. When you write to W——, or A——, give them also a great deal of love from me. Our dear Mother Etienne, and Sister Damian, Anne Simeon, Scholastica, Raphael, John Patience, and Lucia, send much love to you. You must let me know when you go to see Sister Lucia's mother.

You do not know how much I think of you now, for we are having another jubilee; I have not made mine yet, I expect to do so next week. The intention of the Pope in granting this jubilee, and requiring the prayers of the whole Church, is, I believe, the conversion of sinners. We have all to fast one day, and make three visits to the

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church, during which we are to pray for the intention of the Pope, confess, and commune, and say five Our Fathers, and five Hail Marys, and of course have the requisite dispositions, which are to be in a state of grace, and have no attachment to the least venial sin, in order to gain the indulgence.

I must tell you a great secret, dear mother. Our dear Mother Etienne is going to Philadelphia, after the spring opens, and she is going to take me with her. I suppose we may stay a week, perhaps, but I do not really know any thing about that. I tell you because I know you will be so much pleased. Do you remember how lonesome you felt when I went to Baltimore while you were here? You must feel as if you had company when I am in Philadelphia, I shall be so much nearer to you. You must mind and keep it a *great secret.* Do not imagine, however, that I have the vanity to think there are many besides yourself who care a straw where I am or where I go. I except dear M. J.

I am going to enclose in this letter a little picture of a Sister in the new dress — new here, but old in France. I think I told you in my last letter that we took it on the 8th of December. I think the picture a very faithful representation. I hope you will like it. The dress has such a clean, neat look, and has such a religious appearance too. You must not think of us any more in the black cap, but imagine us in this. I had a little note from H. last week. They have had so much sickness in that family during the last year. Since Distribution, H. has lost two brothers, and now she writes, saying sickness and death have been in the family again. Poor child! she has been far from well herself.

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Our good Father Burlando has been very ill. He has been absent some time in Philadelphia and Baltimore, for his health, but he is now much better, and we are in hopes he will return soon. Our good Father Maller has had such heavy duty during his absence, having all the confessions of the Sisters, children, orphans, and people, black and white, working about the place, to hear, in addition to his own usual duty, that I am much afraid he too will get sick. Dear Mother has been, and still is, very ill; she was better for a week or so, and we were all rejoicing at her recovery, when to our great regret she took a severe cold, and it fastened on her chest so strongly, that I fear it will be some time before it will be dislodged. The winter here has been very severe, but you need not be anxious about me, for our dear Mother makes me take so much care of myself. I only wish I could think there was any one to take such care of you. But you must try to be *very, very* careful of yourself, if not for your own sake, at least for mine. I must finish my letter now. Again much love to all. I need not assure you that I am, *as ever*, your own truly affectionate and devoted daughter,

Sr. M. Ignatia.

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St. Joseph's, May 23d, 1852.

My dearest Mother,

I received your dear and welcome letter, and was truly rejoiced at finding you were not sick, as I feared. I hasten to answer your letter, for busy times are coming. The Distribution is at hand, and I shall not be able to take time on a week-day to write. I delivered all your messages to the Sisters. You know not how glad they always are to receive them. They often charge me never to let a letter go without giving their love, Mother, and Sister Damian, and Sister Lucia particularly. You mentioned M. J. as being absent from M——. She is well, I trust. Send her my love when you write. I have written to-day to A——, in reply to a letter I received from her the same day I received yours. She is very kind to me.

I shall have to tell you some news, for there is one subject so generally a subject of conversation with us now, during our recreation, that I could hardly write a letter without saying something about it. I will not endeavor to excite curiosity. I do not very well know if I could, but tell you simply that some of our Sisters are on the point of leaving for California, not to seek for gold though, at least not for terrestrial gold, only for golden crowns in heaven. They have been asked for, for a long time, and they are to go now very soon. Now I suppose you would like to know if any of your friends are among the number who are to depart. Well, I cannot tell that, for the best reason in the world — I do not know myself. For aught I know, I may be among them. We are all conjecturing, laughing, and talking in recreation to the officers, but not a single syllable do we know. They say

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the climate is delightful. Dr. S—— has returned from there, and he will probably go back in the same ship with the Sisters. The Bishop of California is in Baltimore, and he, with two of his priests, will go on at the same time. Dr. S—— says the thermometer stands between 50 and 60 the year round. During eight months of the year, they have not a drop of rain. As nothing is said about the other four months, I rather suspect the rain is pretty constant. The Bishop says he has never known but one person to die of consumption there. When he begged for Sisters, a few weeks ago, being here at that time, he offered to take sick or well, so they would only give him Sisters to look after the orphans and poor children there. It seems by his account that there is no lack of work to be done. He wanted twenty-five Sisters, but I believe he is to get seven. However, I am not sure. What should you think if they should conclude to send me? However, do not be alarmed. If they do, I will let you know just as soon as I know it myself. This time "no news will be good news," at least I suppose you will consider it so, as I shall not write immediately again, unless I have some such news to impart.

I imagine, if dear Mother Etienne reads this letter, she may wonder at my thinking for a moment that I am good enough to go. In truth I do not think I am good enough, but still there is no knowing but our Lord may will me to go, nevertheless. They say there are many Chinese there. The inhabitants themselves are of Spanish origin—Mexicans. I suppose there are some Indians, and the rest of the population is a mixture from all parts, and I believe of all kinds, generally from the rest of the United States. The Sisters are going

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to sail from New York, they say, in about two weeks; so you see we shall not be obliged to mortify our curiosity long.

You did not tell me how you get along. Do not fail to do so in your next. You know how much I am interested in the subject. I could not even draw any conclusions from what you said. I have written in great haste, so as to have my letter done in time for the mail. You will, I know, excuse all faults, for I am not willingly careless. Love to all, and remember, dearest mother, I am as ever,

Your own truly devoted child,

S. M. IGNATIA GREENE.

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St. Joseph's, June 12th, 1852.

My own dearest Mother,

I received your dear letter this morning. I presented your petition, and it would undoubtedly have been granted if time allowed, but it is impossible. We are obliged to be in New York next Friday. We are to go under the protection of Bishop Blanchet. If we make any stay in New York, it will be at the house of Mrs. ——, —— street. The whole mission was finally arranged only this morning. It is only since dinner I have known that it was absolutely decided I should go. So you see I am not negligent. You must not think I have the palsy by my writing, but my hand trembles so, and I am writing in such a hurry, that it is as you see. I will write to you frequently—very frequently. If we stop long enough in Philadelphia or New York, you shall hear. Love, oh! so much love to all,—dear A——, dear M. J——, and all the dear children. You need not think I do not feel your disappointment; I do, very, *very* deeply, but it is the will of God; that is my consolation, and I am sure it will be yours. Dear Mother Etienne sends so much love, and all the dear Sisters. In the letter which was lost, I told you that dear Sister Lucia promises to write to you every time they hear from us at home, unless I send word I have written to you. You must answer her letters, she is so kind. I must close, or I shall miss the mail. I will write to A—— to-morrow, and to M. J—— too. Do not forget to send so much love to W——, and to L——.

I am, as ever, your own devotedly attached child,

Sister Mary Ignatia Greene.

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St. Joseph's, June 13th, 1852.

My own dearest Mother,

You have, I hope, received the wretched scrawl which I sent you yesterday, but for fear it has gone astray, I shall mention again the substance of its contents. Your letter I received yesterday morning. I can not tell you how much of pain I felt for you on account of that which your dear letter manifested. I would have given worlds to have been able to gratify you. I determined to present your petition to Mother the very moment I was really *certain* of going. That moment was yesterday, after dinner. Father Maller, Mother and the officers had been in council all the morning, and the whole affair was finally settled. We have to be in New York on Friday next. Our own Bishop (that is to be) has gone without us, not being able to delay any longer, but Archbishop Blanchet is going about the 20th, and it was decided we should go with him, as he will pass directly by San Francisco, our new home, and will look after us all the way. The time is so short, that Mother says it will be impossible for me to go to Boston. Had it been otherwise, I think without a doubt your desires would have been gratified to the fullest extent. I am so sorry for the disappointment you all feel. I share in it; but I am a Sister of Charity, and I should be ready to make all sacrifices. I feel more for you than for myself. I am truly grateful for the honor of being chosen. We are to have seven on the mission, and I may truly say the other six are saints. Our Sister Servant is *very* kind — she has a mother's heart, and has always been very much beloved by all her Sisters wherever she has been on a mission. She has a great deal of ex-

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perience, and has been many years Sister Servant in St. Louis, and recently in Natchez, from whence she has been recalled to take charge of the California mission. Her name is Sister Francis Assisium. Two others have been Sister Servants on other missions, and have much experience. I am the youngest in years, and the least advanced in goodness in the band, though two of them are a little younger in Community than I. Sister Lucia, as I told you in my letter of yesterday, promises to write to you and tell you all the news of me whenever they hear from us, unless I write to you at the same time.

I do not know how much the postage is. I suppose if it is a great deal, I will not be able to write to you so frequently, for fear of putting you to too much expense. We shall stop in New York at Mrs. ——'s, —— street.

I must stop now, and I can only add, let me hear from you as soon as possible. I have begged so many prayers for you. Pray for me, and remember *always* I am your own devotedly attached child,

SISTER MARY IGNATIA GREENE.

P. S. We will not reach New York until Saturday. The vessel is to sail on the 21st, at two o'clock.

NOTE. Sister Servant is Superior of the band.

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DEAREST MOTHER,

We arrived in the city a few minutes since. What was my joy when Mrs. M—— told me that you were here this morning, that you arrived in the express train from Boston yesterday afternoon at 4 o'clock, and that you were at the —— House. The man who conveys this note to you has a carriage, and will bring you directly to us.

Ever your own devoted child,

SR. M. IGNATIA GREENE.

New York, Saturday evening, June 19th, 1852.

On Monday morning, June 21st, the Sisters ascertained that owing to some mistake by the person on whom they had depended, their passage was not secured on board the packet which was to sail that day.

After making all necessary arrangements for going in the steamship Ohio, which was to sail the 5th of July, they resolved, and accordingly the next morning left New York, and went in the steamboat up the river to Albany, to spend the time with the Sisters of Charity there.

Before leaving New York a letter was despatched to Mother Etienne, strongly soliciting the visit of Sister Mary Ignatia to Massachusetts, for which her brother and his wife had been negotiating, and had received the welcome assurance that expressly for her health, and at their expense, she should visit them.

During her stay in Albany she was constantly expected in Boston by her friends, until the letter arrived from Mother Etienne, written in the spirit of kindness, hoping that the journey to California would produce all the beneficial effects on her health which had been anticipated from travelling.

But the letter contained the fact that "Sisters of Charity never travel for pleasure,"

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ALBANY, JUNE 28TH, 1852.

MY OWN DEAREST MOTHER,

I write to enclose dear Mother Etienne's letter. You will, I know, be much disappointed, but it is the will of God; that I know will be your consolation, as it is mine in all events. Dear Sister Assisium feels your disappointment as much almost as I do myself. I am glad you did not know it before you left us. We should have felt the parting so much more. I received a letter from Mother Etienne this morning. Yours was enclosed for me to give or send to you.

You must give so much love to dear M. J—— and the children, to L——, and little W——, and to all, *all* my friends. I will write a few lines to Anna and to Sister Ann Alexis.

Our passage is taken in the Ohio. I am going to write to Rev. Mr. Q—— to telegraph the Archbishop to see if he will be on board. If he should arrive in time, there will be twelve nuns also on board, who are going from Montreal to Oregon. You will, I know, pray hard for us all. We are receiving much more favorable accounts of crossing the Isthmus. I do not think it will be so much, after all. I believe there are some officers and soldiers going out in the Ohio, so we shall have quite a motley crew—all professions. I went up to see the Sisters in Troy on Friday evening. Of course I saw nothing of Mrs. W——, because she knew nothing of my being there.

All our California Sisters desire to be kindly remembered to you. You know not how affectionately they all think and speak of you. Sister Lucy Ignatia also. You must love her very much. You can have no idea how kind she has been to us all. Please, dear mother, go

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to see the Sisters whenever you go to Boston. Give Mrs. J—— and all my friends much love from me. Ask dear Mrs. J—— to pray for me. I must say good-bye now. I will try and write a few lines from New York. I am, my own dearest mother, your own devoted child,

SISTER MARY IGNATIA GREENE.

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ALBANY, SUNDAY, JULY 4TH, 1852.

MY OWN DEAREST MOTHER,

As I find I will not have time to write from New York, I must at least send a few lines to-day. We expect to leave here in the boat to-night, and will go on board ship very soon after our arrival in New York to-morrow morning, in order to avoid the hurry and confusion we would otherwise have on such a day as to-morrow will be. The boat will sail at two o'clock. You will of course see the list of passengers, and so will know all as satisfactorily as I could tell you. I have not heard one word from you or any one in Massachusetts since you left. I hope you arrived home safely. Give my love to *all*. I am writing in great haste, with a very bad pen, and in a very inconvenient situation, so excuse all. Sister Lucy Ignatia, Sister Francis Assisium and all send love. Tell M. J—— she must write to me. Good-bye, my dearest mother. Remember I am and always shall remain your own devoted child,

SISTER MARY IGNATIA GREENE.

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STEAMSHIP OHIO, WEDNESDAY, JULY 14TH, 1852.

MY OWN DEAREST MOTHER,

You will, I know, be all anxiety to hear of my safe arrival at Aspinwall, but as I find it will be necessary to leave our letters on board with the clerk of the boat, in order that they may return in the Ohio, I must write before reaching that place; but it will amount to the same thing, for you will know by receiving this that I have left it on board and have myself gone on shore. We expect to reach Aspinwall on Friday the 16th. We have had a slow passage, being very heavily laden. Eleven hundred passengers on board, five hundred of them soldiers. Many of the officers and soldiers have their wives and children with them. One of the soldiers' wives died and was buried in the sea a few days after we started. She left a little child two years old, a dear little girl. The father of the child is going to bring her to us, as soon as we are settled in San Francisco. We have all been very sick, but are all now much better. Sister Francis has not been sea-sick; one day she had a bad sick-headache, and she has been pretty well fatigued, taking care of all the rest of us, who have been as sea-sick as any one would wish to be. Taken as a remedy for consumption, I think it is almost worse than the disease, though, to be sure, not quite so fatal. I do not think crossing the Isthmus will be quite so terrible as they say. The accounts we hear since on board are not so very awful. I do not think I shall be able to write from Panama, but I will do so soon after I reach San Francisco. I have written to-day to Mother Etienne, and I said nothing of my intention of writing to you to-day, so if Sister Lucia is not at home, I do not suppose you will hear. You lose very little, however, but little as the incidents may be, I would be glad to put them all in here, only the boat rocks so much, and I am not *too steady*

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yet. I do not think I would ever make a good sailor. It is not my vocation, certainly. Give much love to dear William and Anna, M. J. and all. Sister Francis and all my dear Sister companions send much love to you. We are getting along very well, difficulties of course, — much crowded, etc.,— but we do not lack in courage, and can laugh at many of our annoyances. I am going to try to write to Sister Lucy Ignatia to-day if I can. She was so kind to us. You must let me hear from you soon. I shall be as anxious about you, as you can be about me. Do take good care of yourself, dearest mother.

I hope you received the letter I sent you from Albany, containing one from Mother Etienne.

I must say good-bye. Again love to all, and remember always, dearest mother, I am your own truly affectionate and devoted child,

Sr. Mary Ignatia Greene.

P. S. Several of the gentlemen on board have crossed and recrossed the Isthmus. They laughed at the stories that were told us, and convinced us that we will have very little, if *any* difficulty. So do not fear for us. Even if there should be difficulties, God will take care of us. But we have reason to think there will be no difficulty. Only keep well yourself — do not fear for me.

I have just concluded to keep this letter until we get to Panama. I will forward it from there. You will then know we are safe across, even if I should have no time to add a line. It will be better, although you will not get it quite so soon. So as soon as you read this, you can say, " Safe across the Isthmus."

Note. The 22d day of July they arrived at Panama. About three o'clock on the following morning, after a few hours' illness, Sister Mary Ignatia Greene bade adieu to this world.

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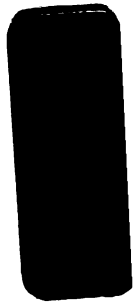

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